576 used now. Farewell salutation is "I'm going now; goodbye." Greeting between strangers, persons who had not seen each other for some time is "Hello, where do you come from?" No handshaking. Tübatulabal "liked to see strangers" (SM); visitors given gifts of piñons, chia, "just the same as now, we give piñons to everyone who comes up to the piñon camps" (ES); young girls enjoined to be hospitable (ante). In times of scarcity, however, food was bought; person who had stores of it "wasn't expected to give it away" (SM).

Mothers kissed children occasionally; adults did not kiss (SM).

578 Jealousy on part of man, woman, sometimes led to separations (ante; Voegelin, 1935 b, 235); jealousy over man might start 2 women fighting, but men "didn't fight that way over a woman, generally" (SM).

685 SM had never heard of any member of community
158 who deliberately set fire to others' property; insane persons (tohoyi·wut) "just had to be
[753] watched; nothing was done about them. One woman went crazy a few yrs. ago, because a witch put something in her ear and made her that way; she wouldn't go to a doctor and so she died in the Stockton asylum after she was there a year" (SM).

522 At fiestas during dances at night, if woman
[624] slipped away to keep rendezvous, when she returned
[837] dance leader would grasp her by arm, dust her off with bunch of feathers, much to everyone's amusement, woman's confusion (SM). Young mature girls, if they surprised boy of about 12 in swimming would surround him, chaff him; boy would beg to be allowed to leave and often run away crying (MM). An example of what is considered humorous occurs in anecdote of man in deer-head decoy who was mistaken for deer by mt. lion and attacked by animal; man's brother, standing off at safe distance, saw this occur, but instead of going to hunter's aid he remained where he was and "just laughed and laughed" as lion leaped on hunter.

181 Garcés in 1775 was hospitably received by (Palagewan?) group on unaugmented Kern and characterized the people as "affable and affectionate" (Garcés, 281). When first approached, Tübatulabal show marked reserve which can easily be mistaken for indifference, or even unfriendliness; in time,
[171] however, this reserve disappears, as Steward notes of Owens Valley Paiute (Steward, 1935, 238), and informants prove friendly, interested, generous, and honest. Men and women are generally energetic in their daily life, and attentive to detail in work. Women often voice expressions of sympathy for the young, weak, or suffering; when SM's pet dog was shot SM "cried and cried" for several
[674] days. I heard of only one theft among Tübatulabal during my work with them. The older members of the group, especially, have a high reputation for dependability and trustworthiness among their white neighbors.

516 Postures.- Men sat (a) right knee bent, weight resting on right heel; left foot flat on ground,

159 You'd better see about that; if she dies, I'm go-
626 ing to kill you." He was half-drunk; that's why
754 he talked like that.

I guess mapali·p went out in the daylight after that and talked to her pet; I guess she was scared after that time when my husband talked to her, because I got better again.

159 All that time my mother and father were living
602 at Canebrake most of the time; my mother was mak-
574 ing tobacco and baskets all the time. She was making a living for herself. My mother used to visit me down at yĭtiyamup for a week or so sometimes; then she'd go back to Canebrake. My husband and I used to go up there to see my parents, too, on horseback. It took all day to ride up there. All the Indians here had horses; they used
[231] to make saddles out of tule and bridles from milkweed twine.

159 When my 2 children were about 9 and 5 yrs. old,
754 Old Bill Chico witched me; I don't know why. My
756 father gave him a horse and 3 sacks of flour to make him stop, but he didn't want to stop; he wanted to kill me, I guess. Then my mother took me to Jose Chico; my father was working at Weldon that time. Jose was living on Bull Run creek. He worked 2 nights on me; he danced and sang; he sucked me in lots of places, on my throat and chest. I didn't see what he sucked out. Jose didn't want to tell us who was making me sick, because it was his own brother doing that; he just told us to move from the house we were living in. "There is a devil (ghost) living there," he said. It was a tule house and we burnt it; Jose said, "If you live there again, you'll be sick again." So we burnt the house and our baskets; everything. And my father built another house, of adobe, up at yĭtiyamup, a little this side (S) of Steban's house; we lived in it after that.

159 That man from Tejon (Francesco Sasterray, a
756 Chumash) whom wišimlĭt married could make rain;
789 he used to make rain all the time when he lived over at Tejon ranch; the people paid him to. He made rain over here, too, but we never paid him for doing it. He used to make lots of rain; there was deep grass up at yĭtiyamup all the time and lots of flowers and seeds. It was pretty up at the rancheria then.

159 He had 3 different rain machines; one for snow,
756 one for rain, and one to make waterspouts. He
789 could stop the rain, too. A man living up at yĭtiyamup stole the rain machine though. One day
● 674 everybody was away; my sister-in-law was up at the spring washing clothes, and that man stole the rain machines. He was mean, that man; he couldn't use the rain machine, because he didn't know how to; I don't know why he stole it. Then one time after that the Tejon man got sick. He was in bed; he told wišimlĭt, "Give me that thing; I want to see it." She went and got the basket where he kept it; there was nothing there; it was all gone. The Tejon man felt bad; he cried and cried.

After that he died. The mother of those 2

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159 After that he died. The mother of those 2
754 witches up at Onyx had put poison in his coffee.
674 He coughed, coughed, coughed all night; he got
756 thin and died after awhile. A long time after that wišimlit's daughter-in-law, Tumasa, got sick; someone went and got Paiute Ramon. Ramon's friend came over here with him that time; he was a doctor, too. They were both Kawaiisu. Ramon worked on Tumasa and she got better. They told him about the rain machine. Doctors can tell where everything is; they see everything. Ramon told SM who had stolen his stepfather's machine. The thief had been watching Ramon doctor; Ramon pointed to him and said, "There he is; he's the one who stole your rain machine." The other doctor said, "He's right; he knows." Those doctors know everything; who is making you sick, or if you are a doctor, too, or if you have poison; everything.

159 Ramon started to lead that man over to the
756 place where the thief had hidden the rain outfit.
674 "Come on, show us where it is," the doctor told him. The man didn't want to go very much; he just stopped every little while. My husband was there. He got mad seeing that man take one or 2
[578] steps and then stop, and he hit him over the head with a shovel. The man didn't say anything; he just walked away; he wouldn't go with that doctor at all then.

425 A long time afterward another man found that
159 outfit; he said he would give it to Steban if he
756 would pay him $10 for it. But Steban wouldn't.
789 He should have though, then he could make rain now. The man who found it buried it somewhere else, in a dry place; it's there now. Bob Rabbit (a Kawaiisu) can make rain, too, but he says he doesn't want to make it any more. The people won't pay him anything for doing it. He says, "Let the country go dry."

159 But when they had those rain machines there
789 were lots of plants here then. And my husband
252 killed deer all the time; we always had deermeat. He was a good shot; he had a good rifle. The Indians used to use everything in a deer; they'd put the heart, liver, blood, all the guts inside the stomach lining and tie it up good and boil that up; it was fine. We never did that; just the oldtime Indians, but my mother's brother (a Koso) used to.

159 When my husband or my mother's brother hunted
782 deer they always gave the mts. beads and tobacco
224 and eagle down; they did that first, then they could kill all the deer they wanted. They gave the mts. little pieces of tobacco broken off the ball.

159 When Legora was about 11 yrs. old, one time
787 my father went over to Jose Chico's. He and
578 Jose got drunk; Jose talked badly to my father. "You're going on a good road (going to die)," Jose told my father. He was drunk when he said it.

159 My father came home. About a month later he
249 started working in the tobacco patch with my mother; they came down from Canebrake to work in